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What Fools these Mortals born

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"WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE."

MEDICINE MAN. — There ought to be a law passed to squelch you humbugs!

MENTAL HEALER. — I'm no more a humbug than you are. Neither of us is infallible; but I do far less harm than you do!



A DELAY.

HE. - Suppose, darling, that some immensely wealthy old duffer on the edge of the grave should want to marry you — would you throw me over?

SHE.— Not necessarily; but you might have to wait a few years.

WHAT SHE SAID.

PAUSED a moment at the gate My heart beat at a rapid rate, My time was short, I knew.

I hardly dared to take a kiss, To bid sweet May adieu; So proper prim is May; T was dark, and cold, and rather late; And, though I did not like to miss So good a chance, the truth is this I feared what she might say.

> But love o'ercame my foolish dread And made my heart more bold; I took the kiss, and all she said, As on my arm she laid her head, Was: "Jack, your nose is cold!" Ellis Parker Butler

AN INACCURATE STATEMENT.

FIRST TRAMP. - Dis Prohibition movement is all rot. Any man kin git a drink any time he wants it. SECOND TRAMP (scornfully). — He kin, kin he? If dat was so, you'd be havin' a ball now instead of sittin' dere chinnin'.

There are, undoubtedly, opportunities in Wall Street; but it is a very dangerous place to look for them.

"DR. HIGHFEE seems to be very successful with his patients." "Yes; he has a happy faculty of prolonging convalescence."

Shrhar

THE EFFECT OF PROSPERITY.

It is Sprig for all ids wilddess!
Heap the wood od! — heap it od!

attractive duty.

A PLAIN DUTY is very likely to be an un-

MRS. MURPHY.-Will yez luk at the naygur jude an' th' airs he do be

MR. MURPHY. -Thrue for yez! Faith, he luks concayted enough to be thinkin' he 's ivery bit as good as you or me.





HIS QUESTION.

"This is my Uncle, Lyman Skee," pridefully explained Miss Philenda Fortysmith, indicating the portrait of a painfully unpretty personage of the good old days of yore, when the pulling of each other's noses was the favorite pastime of gentlemen.

"Ye-es, Ma'am," timidly replied little Amos Bump, who, as a reward for an errand

faithfully performed, was being shown the sights in the stern old New England parlor, where the air of uncompromising gentility was so thick that it could have been cut with the flat side of a barrel-stave, and the hair-cloth covered chairs and sofa were as slippery as Greenland's icy mountains. "Ye-es, Ma'am! How long has he—er-er—been that way?"

ON THE OTHER SHORE.

SOLOMON.—One of those new shades told me I was not the only pebble on the beach.

SOCRATES. — Does that hurt your feelings?
SOLOMON. — Not at all. I was just thinking that if the expression had occurred to me, I would have incorporated it in one of my proverbs.



FARMER GREEN.—Say, Ezry! Do you believe that virtue is its own reward?
FARMER HORNBEAK.—I guess so,
FARMER GREEN.—Then, how does it happen that there is so much more money in sellin' gold bricks?

HIS EXPERIENCE.

FIRST TRAMP.— Dis paper says people are wantin' in can-

SECOND TRAMP. —I t'ink dey 're too blamed candid.

A PLAUSIBLE THEORY.

"Who was it that said men are children of a larger growth?" "I suppose it was some philosopher who had just been at the circus,"

A SAFE WAGER - The one you were going to make but did n't.

HOW 'S THIS, MR. DUNN?

The weather 's badly mixed I solemuly declare; She takes my heart by storm While she herself is fair.

The pessimist is a person who does not expect to get what he wants, but expects to be disappointed in it if he should.



COULD N'T DO BOTH.

 $\mathsf{Tom}.{\operatorname{\mathsf{--You}}}$ say you have got money enough to got married and live comfortably?

JACK.—No; I said I had got money enough to get married or live comfortably.

FRICKERSHAM'S FADS.

R. OZRO G. FRICKERSHAM possessed more unique ideas than some people have oats. Some of those ideas were innocuous, but others were of the kind which at different times prompted him to try the Kneipp cure, to collect postage stamps, to endeavor to learn to play the clarinet, to believe in palmistry, to risk his life in the clutches of a merely nominal flying machine of his own invention, to imagine that he understood women, to consult soothsayers, and to insert the blue glass into one of the windows of his residence and bask in the melancholy sunlight that streamed therethrough.

These idiosyncrasies are here charged to

Frickersham on the authority of his brother-in-law.

At one time, says the same brotherin-law, Mr. Frickersham began the
task of tracing his ancestry back to somebody of importance. When Frickersham
got interested in anything he was interested
a-plenty, and when he entered upon the pursuit of his ancestors he took the trail with the
avidity of a fond mother searching for her longlost child. He was presently away up in his
family tree, chasing one forefather after another
out on the ends of their respective limbs, till finally
he arrived, according to the testimony of his
brother-in-law, at the late Jonah, away out on the
uttermost tip of the topmost limb.

There had been many gaps betwixt Frickersham and Jonah, but to a mind like that of our hero such little things as inconsistencies and discrepancies were as dross, and he hopped the intervening spaces with the ease of a roebuck, and finally cornered Jonah. He dwelt on Jonah, and it presently struck him that the latter had been grossly wronged

by the unappreciative shipmen, in that they had not handed back to him a certain share of his passage money before they pitched him overboard to be entertained by the whale.

Frickersham finally became so firmly convinced of this that he set about trying to trace the descendants of those unfeeling sailors down to the present time, with the avowed intention of suing their heirs for the unjustly retained portion of his illustrious relative's ship-fare, with compound interest to date. Perhaps he would have succeeded in accomplishing his purpose, had not, before his investigations progressed far, another fad got into his head and crowded poor Jonah out. At least, so declares the before-quoted brother-in-law.

Early one Summer, says the same relative, Frickersham donned a certain vest which he had not worn for some time, and discovered a forgotten five-dollar bill hibernating in a pocket thereof. The sensation of finding wealth was so pleasant that he set out about preparing for a repe-

tition of it by slipping bank bills into the pockets of sundry old vests and hanging the garments in the attic and trying to forget their existence. Presently, all of his vests, but his best and secondbest ones, had been thus supplied, and he had become so much enamored of the thought that he began to acquire more vests.

"By-and-by, it had become a regular habit with him to buy a vest at the second-hand dealer's every now and then, and hang it in the attic with a five-dollar bill stored away in it, and thus it happened that by the time cold weather came he had hung up something like a score of such Then, something ocvests. cured to occupy his mind otherwise for a week or so, at the expiration of which time he concluded to treat himself to a pleasant sensation. cordingly, he repaired to the attic to don one of the garments which he had been accumu lating all Summer. But, lo! the vests were all gone - not one of them remained! Then the genius in haste called on



HER COMMAND.

SHE.—He said he would do anyt'ing in dis worl' I wanted him ter.

HE.—An' what did yer tell him?

SHE.—I tole him to go chase himself.

the wife of his bosom for an explanation, and she replied that she had given them all away the day before.

A poor man who had just escaped from a Cuban prison had come, early on the previous day, soliciting cast-off clothing; and, remembering those old vests in the attic, the good woman had given him one. A little later, a returned Klondiker, who had suffered great privations, appeared and earnestly desired, and duly received, a vest. He was followed in turn by an aeronaut, a retired minister of the gospel, an unappreciated veteran of the Salvation Army, the parent of nine starving children, a disowned duke, a hectic-nosed gentleman who had seen better days, a reformed gambler, a moral leper without excuse, and certain others, all of them vestless and yearning for vests with a mighty yearn. Mrs. Frickersham had not before, in ali her life, seen such a good day for tramps. While Frickersham was trying to think of sufficiently scathing language to be appropriate in asking her, woman, what had she done, a

gentleman whose poor old mother had not seen
his face for fourteen years—presumably on
account of the dirt thereon—appeared at
the door, and began a preamble about
having received a vest there upon the
previous day, and—

previous day, and —

"There was a five-dollar bill in it!" cried Frickersham, eagerly. "Have you come to restore the money?"

"Naw!" replied the knight of the high road, disgusted at the inference. "Wadjer take me for? I've come for another vest."

Thereupon, his wrath getting the better of his prudence, Frickersham fell upon the tramp, and was promptly turned over and beaten full sore, and left bruised, battered, vestless, moneyless, and refusing to be comforted.

All of which rests on the authority of Frickersham's before - quoted brother - in - law; but, confidentially, as between friends, a brother-in-law is not always to be believed when he impugns the intelligence of his sister's husband.

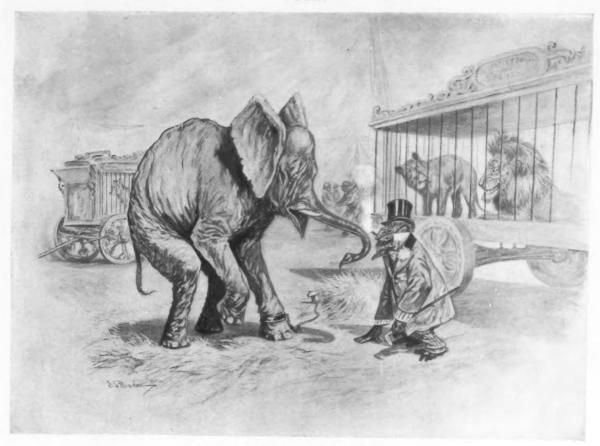
Tom P. Morgan.



THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

MRS. HAYSEED.—What is a gilt-edged investment, Ezra?

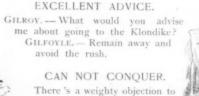
MR. HAYSEED (sadly). — Wal, a gold brick ain't nuthin' else, Sarah!



THE QUARREL OF THE STARS.

THE ELEPHANT.—You impudent little scamp! You ought to be an organ-grinder's cashier instead of a circus performer

THE MONKEY.—Well, the manager does n't seem to think so. You'll notice that my name on the circus posters is in larger type than yours.



marrying Sue, And one that I'm fearful I can not subdue; It 's exceedingly weighty, because, don't you see, Her Pa tips the scales at two hundred and three.



"My doctor has advised me not to ride a wheel."

"Heavens! He must be a quack."

N TRAVELING along the Highway of Success, it is a good plan to keep to the right.

When we know what is expected of us we generally feel that it is too much.

Some men could learn things if they did not think they already knew them.

THERE ARE always two classes of people in a business establishment
those who want everything done their
own way, and those who don't want to do anything in anybody else's way.



AN APPEAL.

GUEST. - How long do you want me to wait for that terrapin?

WAITER .- It will be ready in a few minutes, sir.

GUEST.—Well, remember that this is merely a late supper—not an early breakfast!

THE CHARGE OF THE BARGAIN BRIGADE.

(With Proper Apologies.)



ARGAIN SALE! Bargain Sale!"
Newspapers thundered.
Up to the Palace of Trade
Strode the Six Hundred.
"Forward! Our fortune's made!
Charge on the clerks!" they said.
Into the Palace of Trade
Rushed the Six Hundred.

"Goods sold for half their worth.
Was this a cause for mirth?
Women who saw the sign
Not even wondered.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to simply buy.
Buy in the Palace of Trade—
Thought the Six Hundred.

Bargains to right of them,
Bargains to left of them,
Front of them — back of them —
Volleyed and thundered.
What they bought none knew well,
Weak ones grew faint and fell,
Tho' dresses ripped, ker-r-rack!
Into the crush pell-mell
Dove the Six Hundred!

Boldly and well they fought;
Then home her spoil brought
Each wife and daughter.
Let this be their defence,
All saved at least ten cents—
Some saved a quarter.

Frank Sawin Bailey.

BEAUTY NOT HIS STRONG POINT.

"Jones is not exactly a handsome man, is he?"

"Not exactly. He had a photograh taken at Coney Island once, and it flattered him."

THE OBSTACLE TO HIS RISE.

"Cholly speculating in stocks? Well, I don't think he'll ever be a Napoleon of Wall Street!"

"No; the trouble in his case is that there's too much room at the top."

A DREAM OF THE FUTURE.

"It is wonderful," said one citizen who did n't get a seat, "how far people can ride nowadays for five cents. When I was a boy—"

"That's so!" put in his friend, promptly choking off the reminis-

cence; "and I suppose our grand-children will be able to ride to Chicago for five cents, and cling to straps all the way, and agitate for reduced fares and better accommodations."

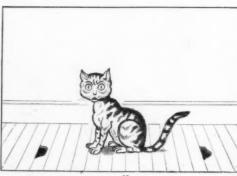
YOU CAN'T judge of the size of a girl's brain by the size of her hat, any more than you can judge of the size of her foot by the size of her shoe.



I.
OLD THOMAS.—By my nine lives! I am getting old
nd slow. These rats and mice all get away from me.

MORE WAYS THAN ONE.

PUCK.



"Old age may bring slowness, but it also brings wisdom and shrewdness. I'll catch that mouse by strategy. I know where there is a piece of cheese.



MRS. BOWERS (her first ocean voyage).—Phew! What a little box this is! I wonder why they call them "state" rooms?

Mr. Bowers.—I guess the fellow who invented them was born in Rhode Island.

AT THE KLONDIKE.

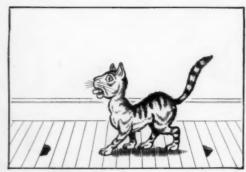
BOARDER. - Hash, again?

BOARDING MISTRESS.— Don't sneer at it, Mr. Golddust. I'd have

you know, sir, that this hash is made of very expensive materials.

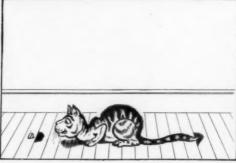
A WOMAN WILL adapt herself to circumstances; if she has a good husband, she'll make a mountain out of a mole-hill; if a bad husband, she'll make a mole-hill out of a mountain.

No DRESS is either modest or immodest with nobody in it.



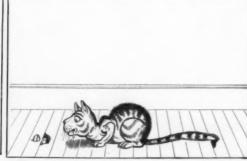
III.

"He will find that I am not so easy as he imagines. Phew! How can any one eat this stuff?



IV.

"I will just lay this piece of cheese there, and when that spry young rodent comes after it I 'I



V.

THE MOUSE.—A-a-a-h! I smell old cheese! Ho!
ho! A trap! Oh! I don't know, whiskers, you ain't so great much! This is n't the only hole in the floor.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IT TAKES TWO TO MAKE A FIGHT.

THOSE PEOPLE who believe in war as a moral and commercial tonic have built high hopes upon our strained relations with Spain. But day by day the stuff in this foundation is seen to be more and more

insecure. Hence there must come a day of tumbling for those hopes. We are willing enough to fight, but the difficulties in the way of a meeting are such as would daunt even the most persistent of our prize-ring impressarios. With all her might bent to the task, Spain has failed to best a handful of fighting men in one little island. That she should turn from that failure to make war upon a very much larger island, well-peopled, prosperous, and with a will of its own, is a proposition which the most hospitable mind can hardly entertain. Spain's empty pockets form one-half an argument for peace, and our full pockets form the other half. Given nothing and something as factors, it is not easy to see how war can be reached by the most ingenious calculator. If Spain is more than nothing her campaign in Cuba has given no hint of it. And if she can not prove it there she would make a sorry mess of trying to prove it in a larger field.

CONCERNING
A FOOLISH
SUGGESTION.
THERE ARE scared little souls who are afraid that
patriotic feeling would die out if legislatures didn't
pass laws to prevent it. We sympathize with their sufferings
but we do not like the methods of relief they very often

try. For example, a Mr. Charles Kingsbury Miller, of Chicago, has favored us with a small yellow pamphlet, entitled, "An Appeal to Every American in Whose Heart There is One Spark of the Ennobling Fire of Patriotism." As this meant us, we read it. Mr. Miller, who signs himself as "Chairman of the Flag Committees, Illinois Society of the Sons of the American Revolution and Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Illinois," tells Congress that "patriotic citizens of all classes entreat you, our legislators

at Washington, for a law to maintain the dignity of our flag at home. The people are ready. Will you, by continued inaction, make yourselves directly responsible for the desecration of the stars and stripes in our own country?" PUCK would like to suggest to Mr. Miller and to the persons who may be working with him, that the most pernicious desecration to which our flag could be subjected at home is to print it, as he does, upon such a pamphlet as this. It is a nasty and little and unpatriotic pamphlet; and any man who agitates for "a law to maintain the dignity of our flag at home" is in mighty small business. The confession of a belief that such a law is needed is about the most unpatriotic thing we can think of. So much for the sentiment of the thing. The common sense of it is that if our flag ever does need a law to make it respected it will already be beyond help. The Almighty has chosen to leave certain powers so entirely with the individual that he is, in their exercise, entirely beyond the reach of human legislation. Among them is the power to feel respect for what seems to him to demand it. If our flag is not respected now, no conceivable law would make it respected. If our flag is respected, no law is needed. And, considering the temper of the American people at all times since they have been a people, and especially during the last six weeks, such a suggestion is seen to be absurd. If the Chicago gentleman will put his ear to the ground and listen intently, he may learn that it is not necessary to haul an American citizen into a police court and fine him in order to make him respect his country's flag.

AS TO MENTAL Thinks," records an interesting fact in natural history, but it is misleading. It tends to give the very erroneous impression that all such animals do think; whereas, history shows that only about one man in a million ever really thinks; and that

thinking has ever been held in such reprobation, in fact, as to make it an extremely dangerous pastime. A thinker used to be very lucky if he got off with his life. The best ones did n't. But their thought pushed the world on, no matter what was done with their bodies, and, as a result, we are less apt to crucify or give hemlock to thinkers to day, though we are still greatly scandalized by them. And so we have not fallen upon the leaders of the great revolution that is taking place in the science of bodily healing, though we scorn and detest them quite as cordially as ever we did Socrates or Galileo or Darwin. Facts are cold, hard things, and no fact was ever colder or harder than that a better understanding of the laws of life is being forced upon the world by the various mental-healing schools. It is quite in accord with all known law that the world should accept it only after the most desperate resistance. "The history of medicine," said William James, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard, recently, "is a really hideous history, comparable only with that of priestcraft." He was speaking in opposition to a bill meant to prohibit the practice of mental healing. The bill failed of passage. A similar bill lately failed of passage in our own legislature. All this does not mean that mental healers are infallible and drugs useless. It only means that we are slowly waking up to certain simple truths regarding the power of thought, and that we are in the last days of an age of drug-worship.

IN THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

SHAW!" exclaimed the shade of the scorcher, after observing Sisyphus shove for the ten-billionth time the huge stone; "and that fellow actually thinks he's in hard lines!"

"and that fellow actually thinks he's in hard lines!"
"Mayhap thou wouldst think likewise," remarked a vague, indistinct shade that just then flitted up, "if thou wert compelled to hold down his job."

"Why, Great Sprockets! old man," retorted the erstwhile knight of the pedals, "I had a wheel geared up to 120, and I've mounted all the highest hills in the whole Catskill country!"

T is perhaps worthy of note that people find Lent passing most slowly who try hardest to keep it.

ANOTHER CASUS BELLI.

Uncle Abner.—They say the English is willin' to help us lick Spain.
Uncle Hiram.—Do they mean to say we can't lick Spain without help? By gum! We ought to make 'em apologize for the insult!

HER OPINION.

HE. — Here 's a despatch stating that they are eager for war in Ulster County.

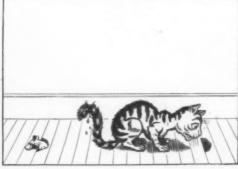
SHE. — Goodness! If we must have war I should think they'd prefer to have it as far as possible away from home.

THE DELAWARE peach crop and the North Pole explorer never allow the prospect of failure to disturb their equanimity.

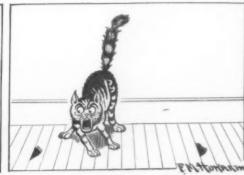


VI.

(Taking a nip at Tom's tail .-"This will be a sore ending to your little scheme, old Catnip!"



VII.
OLD TOM. — Such impudence and audacity I neveraw in all my many lives! I can just imagine I can



"Claws and fiddle strings! Where did that cheese go? This place must be haunted! I'll get out of this shop; I don't want any more of it in mine!



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WHY PEACE REIGNS.

- JOTTMANN LITH CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y

PUCK.

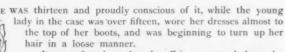


A UNIQUE CURIOSITY.

JAY GREEN (in dime museum).—Say, Mister! What is there curious about that feller on the platform over there? He looks jest like any other Irishman, as far as I can see?

LECTURER.—That Hibernian, my friend, is one of the most remarkable freaks of Nature ever placed on exhibition. He is the only Irishman who ever said "Be jabers!"

A LENTEN SACRIFICE.



It seemed to them that the affair must surely have the sanction of the Church, because the flirtation not only had its inception in the sanctuary, but grew apace, like a double-rooted plant, both within and without the chancel railing. He was a fat, little choir boy at St. Luke's, and, when robed in his white cotta over the black cassock, with his fair hair parted in the centre and laboriously waved over

his broad, befreckled forehead, he looked so good, and yet so exceedingly human, that the girl, from her pew directly opposite to the stall he occupied, reflected complacently that she had good reason to consider him adorable, especially when the sun streamed through the stained glass window over the altar and enveloped him, freckles and all, in a soft, pink light.

With frequent meetings their friendship ripened as rapidly as do

With frequent meetings their friendship ripened as rapidly as do tomatos on young vines the growth of which is forced by artificial heat. Likewise, they suggested a similar obduracy. There was no secret about it after a certain evening, when Tom's mother, sitting in the gloaming with her four boys about her, spoke sanguinely, as mothers will, of the distant future when her men should all be settled.

Tom fidgeted in manifest uneasiness for a few minutes, then drew his mother aside and gravely repeated a familiar formula.

"I have something to tell you, Mama," he said, using with great dignity the conventional words usually associated with such avowals. "It is something I think you ought to know. You see, so far as my future is concerned, that is all settled now."

A few adroit questions put her in possession of all the facts in the case;—and they were not a few. Restraining her desire to administer swift corporal punishment to the impenitent confessant, she retreated in silence, but with her maternal feathers badly ruffled, and took prompt counsel with her husband.

"Let the boy alone," said the father, sagely; "it will wear itself out in three months."

This optimistic prediction was all very well, but it contained slight comfort for Tom's mama, especially as matters were soon afterward sadly complicated by a visit from the girl's mother, whom she had not previously met, bringing with her the youthful and unblushing bride-elect. Apparently neither of her visitors saw anything incongruous in the proposed engagement. They had called that it might receive the official sanction of both families.

"But they are two children!" she protested, more amazed than ever.
"Oh, well! you know, they will grow older," complacently replied her caller, a firm believer in the French proverb which advises parents to

"marry your son when you will,—your daughter when you can," and who thus exemplified her faith in the worm-procuring faculties of early matrimonial birds. "Besides," she added, with much sprightliness, in the effort to conceal what she considered was her maternal cunning, "you should be glad that no one can say Tom is after Lucy's money; for, you see, she has n't any!"

The year was young when the "engagement" was announced by the girl at a meeting of the "Little Helpers' Sewing Guild," on the occasion of their embroidering the new altar cloth. Her friends pressed her for details, and she was frankly communicative, unconsciously promoting the gayety of her acquaintances.

Untrammeled by parental restrictions, the course of their young affections ran almost too smoothly, until the approach of Lent. As a chorister, Tom was much interested in the preparation for the Lenten services at St. Luke's. On Ash Wednesday the rector preached about the penitential season, adjuring individual self-denial. For several days the boy seemed very thoughtful. Finally, he sought and obtained another confidential interview with his mother.

"I have decided to give up Lucy, Mama," he said, slowly and sorrowfully; "we are now in the first week of Lent," he continued, in unconscious imitation of the rector, "and, you know, she is the dearest idol of my heart."

When Tom's proposed relinquishment was duly retailed to his father, that irreverent individual seemed intensely amused. He rolled around in his big leather chair, and laughed until his face displayed the danger signals of apoplexy.

nals of apoplexy.

"What did I tell you?" he asked, as soon as he recovered his voice, but still holding his sides, as if in pain; "I knew it would be all right."

"But matters will be worse than ever at Easter," persisted the anxious mother. "Now, you must really be serious. Do you not understand? Tom merely gives her up during Lent, and that only because he is so dreadfully fond of her."

"Ah! yes," gravely replied the father whom, it is said, Tom greatly resembles; "but, my dear, you may remember that during last Lent he wanted to give up his Latin."

James Charlton Donald.

WINGS.

"An angel without the wings," quoth I,
Thinking myself rather funny.

"Oh! not at all," the actress quoth;
"The wings are on his money!"



WHAT SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

CHOLLY.—I would weally wathah not say anything about this mattah.

THE REPORTER. — Of course, Mr. Softly. But won't you please tell
me what it is you would rather not say?

THREE RACES IN IT.

CIRCASSIAN married a Sioux, And then what did that girl up and dioux, But elope with a Slav? And how could you have Any more racy incident? Whioux!

A SPEEDY RECOVERY.

JIMMY .- Are you back to school already? I thought you were good for three or four

TOMMY.— Well, me mother would n't let me go out, even after three o'clock. Might as well be in a hospital.

It is the part of Wisdom to say nothing.
It seldom has the centre of the stage, and receives very little attention from the calcium operator. Consequently, it is a character very seldom well done and not often attempted; and, when it is, it is generally spoiled by entr'acte speeches.



EQUAL BLESSINGS.

EDITH. - Tell me, Uncle, do you think it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all? UNCLE CRUSTY .- Oh! I dunno; - they 're both good!

SHE DID NOT WEIGH HER WORDS.

ETHEL. -- You will not accept that conceited fop? GLADYS .- No; I love another.

WILLING TO COMPROMISE.

MAMA. - If you are not well enough to go to school, I'll take you to

JOHNNY .- Well, I'll go to school in the afternoon!

HOW THEY CARRY THEIR POLE.

You will find it a difficult matter To move with the people of rank, For, to walk on Society's tight rope, Your balance must be at the bank.

A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

PAPA.-I did the Count an injustice. I thought he was a chump. MAMA.—And you have changed your opinion?
PAPA.—Yes, indeed! You should have seen him kick when I tried to work off some worthless railroad stocks as part of the marriage settlement.



IT DID N'T HELP HIM ANY.

PARSON JOHNSON (meeting LATTLE 'RASTUS with basket of fish) .- Ain't yo' de little boy I baptized last Sunday? I'se afraid it did n't do yo' much good.

LITTLE 'RASTUS.—I'se afraid it did n't, Pahson;—I did n't hab no mo' luck to-day dan I always had.

MORE PARENTAL WISDOM.

"Bobby asked me what a philosopher was." "What did you tell him?"

"I told him a philosopher was a person who could trump-up dozens of good reasons why other people ought to be perfectly satisfied with their lot in life."



SOUND SENSE VS. SUPERSTITION.

Wogglebaum.—Cohenstein vas so superstitious! He believes it is good luck ven you buy someding from a blind nigger.

GRABBENSTEIN. - Vould n't it be bedder luck if der blindt nigger bought someding from you?

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The latest work on the treatment of diseases, written by forty eminent American physicians, says: "Cod-liver oil has done more for the consumptive than all other remedies put together." It also says: "The hypophosphites of lime and soda are regarded by many English observers as specifics for consumption."

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A HOPEFUL SIGN.

FIRST OLD GENTLEMAN (lugubriously). — Ah! There's a great change in the world since we e boys! were noys:

SECOND OLD GENTLEMAN.—Oh! I don't know. My grandchildren are just as full of mischief as I was at their age.



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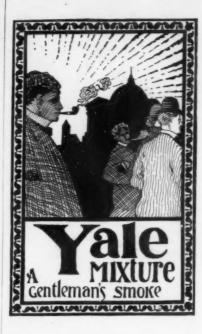
on his shoulders.

JILL. - Sort of a hollow square, is n't it? - Yonkers Statesman.

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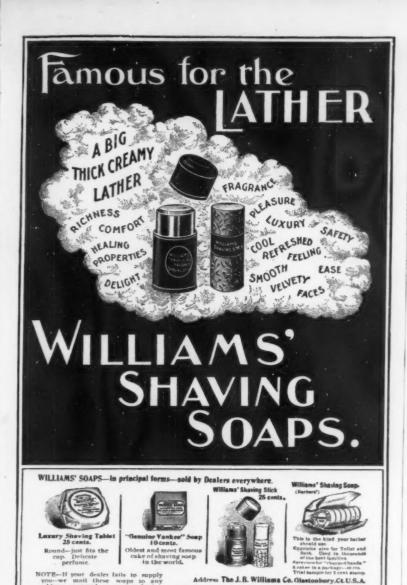
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MR. BOWERS (weakly).—Yesh, m' dear.

MRS. BOWERS.—Well, I see no necessity of your trying to prove it.



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The Judge.—You must stop these interruptions! I won't allow you to waste the time of the Court! The Prisoner.—But, Jedge, yo' know I done hab got no lawyer ter do it fer me.





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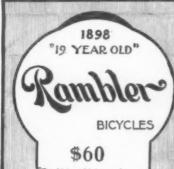
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Oppices Keegaan (springing on his victim).—Art-th! Ye murtherin' thafe o' th' wur-rld, now Oi hov ye! Take thot, ye divil!







"And thot, and thot, and thot, ye sassenach !!